

02

1/3

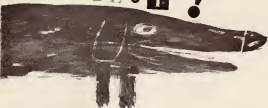


No. 4 . . . JULY

BINKIES BURGERS



ARE BEST!



binkies drive-in restaurant

210 elizabeth st., opp. the tivoli

open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week

THAT WAS ... JUNE

That Mirror again. This time the date was June 17.

On Editorial page we saw given a leader on censorship, one of the Mirror's happy hobby horses. The source is the New Zealand Institute of Publication Act preventing the publication of the title of banned books or recordings.

This, therefore the leader, "is a wicked and poisonous invasion of human rights and freedom of expression."

On page two another Editorial appears. On this page we are given the latest details of Dr. Hignold's capricious proposals. The Editorial concludes: "We trust, for his peace of mind, that Dr. Hignold is just taking us on. If not, he must be shouted down — before he gives up more damage to foolish minds."

As if the censorship on editorial comments wasn't enough, it is interesting that without the Mirror's offending article many foolish minds would have been quite unaware of Dr. Hignold.

WHY, asked Quora magazine recently, are all British anti-symbols foreign made.

From the Continent came B.B. (badly rather obviously commuted with air signs) and C.C. (Claudia Cardinale). From Hollywood came Jayne Mansfield and the others in the necessary glances provide tradition of M.M. (Miss Mankarlovic W.D.).

Anyhow at least one good outcome of the Profumo Affair has been the emergence of Britain's first home-grown sex symbol, C.K.

Miss K. (usually the world's No. 1) actually has neither the body of the Americans nor the mouth of the Continentals. Her publicity campaign is based on the old line "Truth is stronger than fiction".

Whatever happened to all these War-worn people? You know, the ones who used to spend all Saturday during luncheon for the Sunday papers and the rest of the week holding story meetings and writing letters to the editor about the boobyism of coverage.

Either the bottom fell out of the affluent society or the newspapers moved on to bigger and more important things, like Mr. Taylor's marriage arrangements or the Royal.

Or maybe the whole thing was a pre-arranged hoax to distract us from the fact that half parliament is overseas. Maybe they were intended to empty the staff into the sea.

Just a page drunk?

YOU'VE tried Beanie Akasaka? Why not try Beanie Brocktonat—the chair's left-hand.

Mr. George the Dragon — excuse, The Phoenix Nightingale Award for Human Deeds goes this month to Dr. John Mc. George.

Known locally as "the criminal's friend" the good doctor has made just number of those little hand blunders for which he is so well known.

Although the criticism of the penal system he has made concerning the Hinkley case are quite valid, the fact still remains that too much importance is often given to the views of this one man, whose reliability is by now well substantiated.

Spenservien: Getting one's A.B.C. mixed up.

IS the Beale Royal quite over yet?

Making really characterise the American more than his absolutely exceptional preoccupation with life's trivia.

Never has so much been written by an ass about such an insignificant event. As for the numerous jokes which have been clapping on the columns and dominating conversations since April, the best and the better.

But before the whole subject is done, lend us for who created **BE** as a possible name. The Sunday Morning Herald classified **BE** as a "leisure magazine" rather than a "commercial name" then doing actual damage to our stockmarket figures.

Mandy River: Twice as nice as half the price.

THE ways of justice are indeed diverse. Tell the Royalist King that player one, for example.

Dr. Lake was charged under the Obscenity Act. The maximum fine is £10.

After a month's deliberations and protest by one of the best litigants of the witness — from Sir Herbert Reed to Professor Maddison — S.M. has found the statute not relevant "within the meaning of the act" although charging Dr. Lake for his lack of "good faith".

However, the real sting was in the tail. The Magazine refused to make the Court pay Lake's legal expenses. Having used Quora's Counsel service, Lake would, in fact, be out of pocket by a couple of hundred pounds.

Insurance can be much more expensive than pain.

Sometimes the juxtaposition of headlines can be rather amusing, like—

Profumo Case	Official
NEW	MORE
TWIST	JOBS

But usually they are just plain misleading. I can state **MR. NATHAN LEST** means that the newspaper is publishing the job and not just stating that such a job exists.

Now our distributing agents are demanding a royal commission.

Our Hollywood contacts (not Judy Garland) tell us that "Cleopatra" should arrive in this country in about six months time. After Senator Stennis has taken out any scenes which might emotionally harm all the mentally defective, sub-five-year-old psychopaths among us (very possible customer must be thought of, you know) it is expected to run for about half an hour.

There will be a pile promise dramatically in all capital cities at the main national character, where a will be screened with a review of "The Red Bullies".

THE late issue of **NATION** gives half the intriguing story of the Mordecai Fucker apprehensions. It is now well known that Mordecai has obtained a 25 per cent interest in **TCN** and both Mordecai and Fucker have gained control of **NBN** Newsweek.

However, it is suspected that this is only the beginning of a protracted exchange of shares between the two great magazines. In fact, it is supposed that the transfer of Alexander Mackintosh to the Mirror (having an-**TELEGRAPH** Mackintosh) is only a beginning of the amalgamation of the Sunday Mirror and Telegraph.

Sir Frank has never imagined he would have an evening paper and the Mirror is now supposed to have outstripped the Sun at last. On the other hand, the Sunday Mirror was doing very poorly.

REMEMBER the Beatles for Britain during the last War?

OK now announces a new series of Beatles for Britain. This time we are collecting second-hand Bibles and religious tracts to send back to the old country in their hour of spiritual need.

OK's record for the Best and Fairest Spectator goes this month to soccer-watcher Igor P. Borewinsky.

During May, four men estimated to contain 1 goldmine (10 points), 3 players (3 points apiece), 1 pacifist (3 points) and a fat dog warden (3 points). Total points 25 points.

He narrowly beat Lord Renshaw (24 points) who missed one point more than Igor but had a broken rib himself (5 points penalty).

With both men now serving six months' prison terms the July competition seems to be now wide open.

Sir,
Thank you for sending me a complimentary copy of OZ.

I should offer you my grateful acknowledgments of the magazine were it not that your correspondent has done the task impeccably — I refer to our Claire Wagner. She is so clear, accurate and perceptive that there is little to add.

In the last issue the Home-Section of the "You Need OZ" digrammatically further into the secondary school journals of "Lamped Nigger" and sub-Mind magazine horrors.

And yet, bless you, that splendid sampling of the OZian-Dickinson line!

Your whole problem at the moment seems to lie in a growing chaos of targets. If you will forgive such an offensively patronising way of expressing it.

But, as Claire Wagner says, the whole project has such promise as to oblige a responsible community to nurture OZ to its halcyon days of devastating maturity when you'll be able to look back on our then as our's early poems or magazines, with appalled embarrassment.

Max Harris,
Kensington Park, South Australia.

Sir,
Believe it or not even soldiers read OZ, mainly for laughs and occasionally for the recently interesting contents of same. However, at all times, I thought your Letter to the Editor concerning the army of homosexuals and

Indians was one of the great tickling pieces I have seen in print. Whether it was meant to be funny (which to my strange way of thinking it wasn't) or whether it was satirical propaganda doesn't interest me in the least, but to sign it "Digger" was a personal insult to all members of the Australian Army, under A.R.A. or C.M.F. Perhaps I am wrong but the headed readers of a certain hotel in Sussex Street often wonder why the Army pays frequent visits to that establishment. Well, part of the answer can be found in that piece of truly great literature I refer to. We have heard and to believe that a person who would write that type of libel frequents the above hotel and naturally enough we go there to retaliate, although it is useless that there is anyone sane enough to do anything about it, EVEN should only one or two soldiers.

Gunner F. Turner,
1st Field Regiment, Kokoda Barracks,
Hobart.

NOTICE TO READERS

On June 25, an advertisement was received to September of a legal suit arising from our first issue.

It has been decided to delay further publication until this matter has been settled.

—B. Neville and R. Walsh.

21/6/63

Sir,
Some three weeks ago our Society was approached by Mr Charles Stokes to participate in a televised programme of "Any Questions".

On Tuesday 19th it was announced that Mr Stokes had been chosen from the A.B.C. Consequently, our Executive decided to cancel our programme and sent the enclosed explanation to the T.V. Department.

Since there has been considerable ad-

verse criticism of the A.B.C. recently you may care to add this to the long story.

Incidentally you may be pleased to know that in a recap of your interview with Miss Joyce Bellings, reported on your June issue, she has consented to address our Society on Wednesday July 24 — please write or demand of A.B.C., A.B.C. and C.B.C. Queensland or elsewhere of the matter.

Yours faithfully,

Oliver W. G. Worles,
Secretary, N.S.W. Homosexual Society.
Statement from the Executive of the N.S.W. Homosexual Society to the A.B.C. on "Any Questions".

The recent history of the "Any Questions" programme causes us profound disgust as the producers, Mr. Charles Stokes, has done much to reduce this programme and enlarge its audience.

We see the announcement of his appointment with the A.B.C. as only the last of a series of occurrences which will contribute to the discouragement of frank discussion of important and controversial issues.

In these circumstances we feel that to fulfil our engagement for the "Any Questions" programme to be recorded tomorrow night would be to give tacit support to a trend of events prejudicial to free discussion and from which we feel, we should wish to be dissociated.

Alex Carey,
Vice Chairman, N.S.W. Homosexual Society

Sir,
Dr. Gagnall of Claremont, W.A., made headlines recently with his theory of "positive emotion". He urged stimulation of the interior and sigmoid human to protect to university students who have children.

Why all the fuss? There's nothing unusual about stimulating the interior, sufficient and safe. Many religious bodies send waves of change from their staff — partly this is, at least, psychological change.

AM I TOO OLD AT 80

to seek employment as a public servant?

No. Many of our most active public servants are way above this mark.

Mr. Kenneth Bines, chairman of the Commonwealth Literary Censorship Board is 81 and he can wield a blue pencil as swiftly as the next person.

Take Dr. L. H. Allen, a bronze 84-year-old. He's chairman of the Literature Censorship Appeals Board. He's an inspiration, say other venerable Board members such as retired headmistress of Horsham Girls High School, Miss R. Homan.

Grizzled youngster (59) Senator Henry. "The older are so sharp at this game I hardly ever have to correct errors in their judgment. They are doing a fine job keeping serious listening out of Australia."



Anyway, I think it's about time Australia began brooding on this — because, as we need one (The Professor himself admitted that those in authority cannot be trusted — so let's begin by stripping politicians, professors, military leaders, scientists and other power-wielding groups).

Naturally strong with an IQ of 130 or more should be financially encouraged to have children. Even in high school, science would attract selected entry into puberty — failure would join the choir.

Unstudents would curb pocket money by providing intelligent lectures in leading. Professors might enjoy their intellectual leisure on the road.

Round? In a few years Australia would cease to be regarded as a remnant of a binary corpus, refinement and become Russia for its Dopes of millionaires.

Bill Hamilton,
Grenville, N.A.W.

St.

How about more articles on sex and sexual perversion of every type in your magazine? You are not doing too badly at the moment but there are subjects of universal interest and I would like to see you really work them into the ground.

Also how about articles on black magic, witchcraft and sorcery. Also more articles on racial segregation and racism in any level of society, e.g. mental hospitals, prisons, etc.

You are publishing the secrets people are sending into you at your request. I would like to see you publish some open letters without proceeding to cover them up as a joke. Or, like me, do you agree that 'If you tell the truth you are sure to be found out sooner or later.'

Yours sincerely,

A. Sattana,

John Farrel, King's Cross

WILL PATRICK WHITE WRITE FOR US?

Maybe. But who else don't?

GE is looking for all sorts of contributors. Sublimed, whimsical, angry . . . send them to 4th floor, 14 Hunter Street, Sydney.

Published by 'GE Publications, 14th Hunter', 4th floor, 14 Hunter Street, Sydney Phone BW4397, if unanswered 95-1448 or 918-1383.

Editors: Richard Neville and Richard Walsh.

Make-up: Bob Thompson.

Art Director: Maria Sharp.

Editorial Assistants: Glen Ewart, Robyn Cooper, Ben Fleming, Sue Wright, Carla Christoffel, Mike Robertson, Alan Popper, Garry Grant.

Sales Assistants: Anna Keller and Robyn Spencer.

Chief Engineer: Mr. A. G. Reid.

Secretary: Barry Beaz.

Assistant Secretary: Winifred.

Advertising Representative: Vic Tarran.

CULTURED PRAWNS

Brutal Female. Before her experiment began to pay off, Dr Paganini had to sit back in the beginning — he had to pry into the plover's most intimate secrets. For reasons known only to themselves, the larva consumes meat only between midnight and 3 a.m. on perfect summer nights in calm, untroubled waters. Night after night Dr Paganini would tap-dance in his experimental anti-water pond, waiting only a flashlight.

Not until 1940 did he see the first growth starting over watered by him. "The plant is truly bewitching," he reported. "The male plover first shows the female, then she eats, or swallows for him. The male now embraces the naked female, and she, in somewhat brutal fashion, shears his sex organ outside, breaking it off. He is incapacitated until he grows a new one."

His scientific reputation taught him little of practical value, and Dr Paganini continued to live on his plover.

— TIME magazine, 29/3/63



I know I don't look very bright but I was originally drawn to look like a Customs Officer in GE MAY.



The editors say it's too expensive to illustrate serious intelligence for this ad. After all I can be reused free.



Though it's a bit embarrassing to have a man like me TELLING READERS TO SUBSCRIBE TO GE. But GE swallows its pride for a pound (12 month subscription) or even a long-suffering 20/- (6 months).

Send to: GE MAGAZINE, 4th Floor, 14 Hunter Street, Sydney.



The Police Department's entry in the Archibald Prize.

"Oh Mac, Poor Mac, Christine's Hung You In The Chair And Thang, Any Really Looking Back"

This Macmillan's state, Pomeroy's tale.

This space of royalty and water's secret. This other Eden, reported as he (A Macmillan's with cherry brandy France).

Against Miss Keller and the hand of War, This Torg breed of man, His Pale world.

This previous ruling set in an RRG. Above them all, a radiant family's tree.

Profits one rated with the special branch.

And under him now with Denzang's whitewash men.

Let one corruption should occasion good.

This forest lot, this death, this Mac, this England . . .

—DEAN LEITCHER

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

I enclose £ / / - as

payment for _____ months subscription to GE (10/- for 6 months, £1 per year)

When a spade's not a spade

The Australian Broadcasting Control Board issues the following programme guide to all radio and television networks: **General Programme Standards**

1. No programme may contain any matter which is

(a) blasphemous, obscene, obscene, vulgar, suggestive or of doubtful propriety.

(b) likely to encourage crime or public disorder.

(c) likely to be opposed to contemporary religious or morality.

2. Respect should be maintained for the sanctity of marriage and to the importance of the home. Divorce should not be treated casually or as a convenient solution of marital problems.

3. Reference to the use of intoxicating liquor, narcotics and addiction to drugs or narcotics should be limited to the needs of the plot and characterisation and should not be presented as desirable.

4. References to mental or physical afflictions should be treated with caution, no need offered to sufferers of similar ailments.

5. References to sex relations should be treated with discretion reference to illicit sex relations should be avoided where possible and should on no account be presented as commendable.

6. The presentation of cruelty, greed, selfishness, unjust exploitation of others and similar unworthy motives should not be made in a favourable light.

It should be understood that these standards are not intended to prevent the broadcasting to good faith, at appropriate times and in appropriate circumstances, of—

(a) dramatic works of artistic or literary merit, or

(b) The serious presentation of moral and social issues.

Such programmes are, indeed, to be encouraged, provided that due warning of the nature of the programme is given, where necessary, both in advance publicity and at its commencement.

Family Programmes

These must be selected and presented with great care so that parents may feel secure in allowing children to hear these programmes without supervision and that family groups of all ages may listen with

completing confidence. The selection of subject matter and treatment of themes should be wholesome and fresh in outlook. On no account should the most varied aspects of life be presented in such a way that they appear to play a greater part in life than they actually do.

Children's Programmes

1. All scenes must reflect respect for law and order, adult authority, good morals and clean living.

Where applicable, the hero and heroine and other sympathetic characters must be portrayed as intelligent and morally courageous. The theme must stress the importance of mutual respect of one man for another, and should emphasise the desirability of fair play and reasonable behaviour. Greediness, malice, deceit, villainous and dissipated behaviour must be avoided in the behaviour of any character presented in the light of a hero to the child listener.

2. Adventure stories may be accepted, subject to the following prohibitions—

No torture or suggestion of torture.

No horror — present or impending.

No use of the supernatural, or of superstition likely to arouse fear.

No profanity or vulgarity.

3. In order that children will not be emotionally upset, no programme or episode shall end with an incident which will create in their minds morbid suspicions or hysteria.

4. Dramatic action should not be over-accentuated through gas play or through other methods of violence. To prevent the over-stimulation of the child's imagination, sound effects recorded to indicate or simulate death or physical injuries are not permitted.

5. Contents and effects which encourage children to enter streets places and to converse with strangers in an effort to collect bus tags or wrappers may present a definite element of danger to the children. Therefore such contents and effects are not acceptable.

6. No appeal shall be made to the child to help characters in the story by ordering bus tags or wrappers, nor may any action centre on characters and in the conventional way, address the child urging him to purchase the product.

in order to keep the programme on the air, or make similar appeals.

Acceptability of Advertising Matter
1. The advertising of alcoholic liquor calls for particular care. It should be directed only to the adult audience and no children or adolescents should be allowed to participate in the presentation of these advertisements. Such advertisements should not be broadcast on Sundays. Licences should assure that all liquor advertised and especially that associated with sporting events (where large numbers of adolescents may be listening) is presented in good taste and with restraint.

2. Because some products (especially those of a personal nature) are unsuitable for inclusion in programmes which may be listened to in the family circle, great discretion and care should be applied in the acceptance and presentation of advertisements of such products. Products and services which are generally regarded as unsuitable for consumption in mixed groups should not be advertised.

MOSKIE'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

1. Thou shalt have no other gods than Combsboro.

2. Thou shalt not set up any general ranges of tolerance or freedoms for the Administration in a just and good.

3. Thou shalt not take the names of Larry Brown, Tonya Ferrell, the Quers, Richard or Eleanor Dwyer in vain for the A.B.C. will not hold any qualities that belie these names in time.

4. Every day shall be a day of war.

5. Honour thy comar and big brother.

6. Thou shalt not create.
7. Neither shalt thou commit any-thing.

8. Neither shalt thou have any liberty.

9. Neither shalt thou witness another's chaos.

10. Neither shalt thou cover another character's imagination.

The Copy-writer



"I'm a copywriter. I write all the lovely business ads for a big department store. It's a creative job."



"It makes me cynical, though, damn. One year I tell you 'black is back with a bang'—another year I tell you



'she got in white is a wonderful sight'! Sales simply ain't."

Actually, I despise the public. They want a doctrine on a new wardrobe (especially those stupid red cross little

Author Calwell

How's your knowledge of current affairs?

QZ's political omniscience has constructed the following quiz to give you some idea of how you compare with the rest of the community

1. Who last month was called a "frumpy Assn/ron"? (a) the Queen Mother in Assn/ron's new painting; (b) La Taylor in private life; (c) Miss Jacoby?

2. What was Christine Keeler's last play? (a) *The King and I*; (b) *He did the Colours*; (c) *Dancer in the House*?

3. What is meant by the word "catapault"? (a) pushed across for a push; (b) Richard Blandford with a good track; (c) a good track?

4. What is a Sarsaparilla? (a) the Western Sahara's answer to Pepsin Flare; (b) the Southern Saharaland's answer to Sarsaparilla; (c) a genus of native foliage; (d) a brand of "farting" medicine?

5. What is "segregation"? (a) Blacks and whites; (b) *Lee Taylor's* marriage?

6. What was the "Big Lie"? (a) Jack Profano lying with Parliament; (b) Jack Profano lying with Christine Keeler?

7. What was the most interesting love affair of last month? (a) *Lee Taylor* and *Richard Blandford*; (b) *Mrs. Maryke* and *Capitain Farnaby*; (c) *Mrs. Jacoby* and *Mrs. Jacoby*?

8. What is a "hot fire"? (a) the dark back between Washington and Jack Kennedy's travelling itinerary; (b) *Mandy Minneman*?

9. Which statement is correct? (a) *Florida* cannot long remain; (b) *Florida* cannot live on the palm; (c) *Florida* cannot the last world war; (d) *Mrs. Chandler* and *Dr. People* died from the *Florida* they drank from the *Love Coca River*?

10. What is meant by "Malagasy"? (a) a sustained jodeling of *Almas*; (b) *Indonesian* *bellydancer*?



An interview with the Australian man of letters, politician, bookman, A. A. Calwell.

Last month Calwell scored a new smash hit with his latest published novel "Australia's Rule in Modern Society". His first book was a popular little treatise on immigration, which has been selling well in paperback editions for some time.

ARTHUR CALWELL (known popularly as "Arty" among the punks) was brooding over his recent success at the Royal George Hotel, bearded, clad in hip-hugging Levi's and a suede jacket.

"Where you pinned when your nose became a hot seller, Arty?"

"Surprised, rather. You see, I hadn't quite intended to write a critical exposé of the A.P. But I gave the promise, and so I was trapped — I out-guessed my conscience."

"In fact, I was astonished when that Charlie Graham wrote me the book a quick job from his schoolbag and dug into his pocket to drag out a price cutout." "With a bottom-school." Calwell probes minutely into the decaying depths of modern society, exposing by realistic, strong, accurate, the cheap, corrupt core of the Labour Movement.

But, by apologues, using great artists achieve fame despite themselves.

Arthur studied carefully about the future of Australian literature. His main aim, however, reflected so vividly in his novel, but not yet contradicted his boyish charm.

Only when commenting on the contemporary drama scene did Calwell appear belligerent. "Punk! While is playing a game. His intent is too funny. He tricks the audience. We retain again are shown from the top of society's pyramid, not chip laboriously at it. In fact, Sarsaparilla should be ignored. Democracy needs demolition."

In his quest for creative freedom, Calwell has moved to a new room level of Paddington. He moves in new circles. "Life is just, not the rotund of wild push parties." He has already com-

pleted work on his next novel. But can stand in contact he mysteriously found that a well take up while "Punk's Wake" him off.

Meanwhile he has begun "Fighting in Art". "So far my paintings suggest an enormous quality — a certain originality, historical thinking throughout the book-technique of nature."

When he completes his second novel, Calwell plans to visit Washington and Greenwich Village. He hopes especially to visit Hans Karsner, John Lindsay and David Higgins.

Does Arthur Calwell regret his late start on the field as letters? "No. My background was my experience. It contained that subtle mixture of tragedy, irony and absurdity that is today so evident in my work."

It happened last Easter

New York, April 15.—An eight year old girl, making a Good Friday visit to her grandparents' grave, was shocked to death yesterday when a 184 pound granite tomb fell on her.

Lines, April 15.—Forty Good Friday earthquakes were noted when the stone fell at the colonial Cathedral of Cusco, fell on them.

The collapse of the stone had occurred just before the 100 people in the church were to leave in a religious procession. New York, April 15.—The body of a girl of the Sacred Heart Roman Catholic Church in Riverside Park, New Jersey, was stolen yesterday by armed men who held up two priests in the crypt.

The sacred stolen was not revealed but police say it was "considerable".

J Accuse

Henry Miller on the housing of "People of Color" in the State of Massachusetts.

I write these lines in the village of Tregor, Denmark, when one of the so-called obscure books I have written may be freely bought and read — in Danish as well as English, French or any other language. In my knowledge nobody in this country has been corrupted or has committed any social crimes as a result of reading my books. Nor are the authorities of this country troubled about the possible consequences of such reading upon the youth of the land. Thus the Danes are a powerful, orderly cultured people and one will sleep. The freedom which they enjoy, and which they interpret freely, does not seem to have endangered them . . .

"And we are here dealing with, in my opinion, five million firms, State App. executives, writers, thinkers, inventors, impostors involved with authority, billions, hypocrites, perverts. I am not deluding myself — I accuse. Prove to me that you are worthy of judging this book and I will give a respectful ear. Show me your clean hands, your clean heart, your clean conscience. I defy you."



she and trill her last year's colors are OUT.

Daddy says I'm a born leader. Love my dirty pictures and cameras — it's the latest thing from the Paris!

And as Brittain into the west . . .



Famous Last Words

"No question as to the colour of the second's skin concerns you, and as for Miss Kewler, she is entitled to the same protection, more or less, as any other of Her Majesty's subjects." **Sir Ernest Roberts, Judge at the "Lucky" Gordon Case**

"Oh, my God! How dreadful I shall drop it! No one will come forward and try it to true." **Dr. Stephen Ward.**

"During . . . Alan, something's blown up tomorrow night and I can't therefore make it." **Pauline to Kewler**

"We accepted Mrs. Profumo's explanation that in circles in which he and his wife moved 'Darius' was a term of no great significance." **Mrs. Macauliffe.**

"Quite a number of young Liberals address each other as 'Darling'." **Sir Lionel Heath, Conservative M.P.**

"Like Jack's career, my career as a model is finished." **Christine Kewler.**

"This morning Josephine Hicks, the hostess in our show, said that if Christine Kewler appeared in the club she would walk out." **Mr. Joseph Mount, the club owner who offered Christine £1,150 a week to compare one of his shows**

"Man is a happy, effeminate girl. People ask me about her breasts but I can't see that a mother." **Mrs. John Hulse, Christine Kewler's mother.**

"I must say he has never struck me as a man at all like a cloistered monk . . . and Miss Kewler was a professional prostitute." **Mr. Nigel Birch, Conservative M.P.**

"There are too many pumps and profit men in high places. I know that the people would rather be governed by men of integrity who are not quite so clever than by clever men who don't have integrity." **Sir Cyril Osborne, Conservative M.P.**

"Those who had led the deities were those who should have led the virtues against it. Who said 'Lady Chatterley's Lover' was something like Holy Communion? Not a Conservative Minister but a Christian Bishop." **Lord Haldenham.**

"She went so I have heard many party details." **Mr. Kenneth Robinson, Labour M.P.**

"I thank Mr. Macmillan in this respect. He's a good decent man. We don't all sit judgment on morals but it is a tough and unfortunate occasion. If the Macmillan Government tells it will greatly affect Australians. It will affect the judgment of the Minister Government so as to put off the next Federal election until December 1964." **Mr. A. A. Chisholm.**

Who Killed John Bull?

Who killed John Bull?

*I, said Christine,
By being cleverer,
I killed John Bull*

Who saw him fall?

*All, said Dr. Gaudle,
We all saw him fall*

Who caught the culprit?

*I, said a Lord,
With a handsome re-Ward
I caught the culprit.*

Who told the belief?

*I, said Profumo,
According to rumour
I told the belief*

Who'll wrap the shroud?

*I, said old Mac,
When I get the sack
I'll wrap the shroud.*

Who'll resurrect him?

*I, said the Queen,
By playing it clean
I'll resurrect him.*

nia sinks slowly

An address to the British public by
"The Rt Hon. Harold Macmillan,"
Ladies and Gentlemen:

In the early hours of this morning
after a lengthy consultation with
Her Majesty the Queen, my phibet
and I have decided to order the
evacuation of the British Isles.

I need hardly remind you of the
events of the last six months, which
have made necessary this action. I
only do so now lest there cover in
some corner, that will be forever
England, some soul that yet does
not perceive his duty as clearly as
your Government, Her Majesty, the
Conservative Party, Lady Dorothy
and myself.

First of all there was the failure
of the Common Market negotiations
and that Admiralty clerk, who was
perhaps just a little fatter than the
usual run of Great Public School
products.

And now there's the Profane
Pledge, and the Cherry Brandy
affair.

Heterosexuals in the Admiralty,
heterosexuals in the War Office, a
photographer in the Palace and
Police Chaplain in a Scottish pub!
Such is the progress path that leads
to the everlasting headline.

A once great nation. Is it reduced
to that? A persecutor of cell gals;
an aristocracy of adulterers, a
reality of abominations, a nation
guided by prostitutes and madmen,
by satyrs and nymphomaniacs;
by sexual provocateurs and bare
manipulators?

The charm of Britain was once
one of "Je ne sais quel", it you
will excuse the Gallians; now, alas,
everyone knows what in fact,
everyone—besides Lady Dorothy
and myself—appears to have known
what for quite some time. And so
West Indian and Italian barmen alike
swarm, like moths, to this red light
in the North Sea.

We have tried as quickly as
possible to stop up the breach—
Indeed, to gull up the nation's
breaches. The red lights are going
out all over Soho; we shall see that
they're not lit again in our lifetime.

My good young people, I need
not remind you that we are a sea-
faring nation one of our oceanic
origins. Perhaps our
present device is an unfortunate
reminder of our descent from a
people in whom we see all too
clearly a predilection for promiscuity.

Since those distant days of an
Empire, when our forefathers rowed
the ocean blue in their pagan
schooners, Britannia's rule of the
waves has been unchallenged. And
so it is that now, when it is so
plain that we can control neither
our bodies nor our adopted Isle,
every English person must agree to
march, into the ocean and so wash
out this great scourge.

The site for this giant human sic-
cides, this hunkery of the masses,
will be Brighton Beach. Here our

whole nation will march, with
dignity down the sandy decline to
their death. Women and children
first, then the men, then the Royal
Family and finally the Coldstream
Guards, after one last Trooping of
the Colour, will perform the last
act in this characteristically English
disenchantment.

Through the good grace of Mr.
Morpheus, the Government is offering
a special farewell offer—buses will
run to Brighton every hour on the
hour from Piccadilly Circus, South
Hampton and Old Trafford, so that
there can be no woman, child or
man omitted from the sacrifice. I
have been asked to remind you to
bring lunch-packs, as there may be
some delay before you can make
your gesture, and an umbrella, as
sleet is in the air.

Now is the hour and let no man

shirk his duty. Only by this device
may the fires of the nation's sexual
fever be extinguished, only by this
scuttling may the huge pumps prove
effective; only by this chopping off
of the withered branch may the tree
be saved, only by this decent in-
terment may all our sins be washed
away.

My fellow, Britannia, country of
my shattered dreams, ravished vir-
gin queen of the oceans—my
friends, countrymen, members of
the Labour Party, gird up your
loins and march down Brighton
Beach with myself and Lady
Dorothy.

A whorl! A whorl! We have lost
our homeland to a whorl! But if
Britain and its empire are remem-
bered in a thousand years, you
will still say "That was their
loyal heart."

VERDICT OF THE OVER 25's

WHAT do you think of the proposal to rationize the brothels?



HAROLD MACMILLAN, 70,
public servant

Ed cripples the Party's cash funds



JOHN PENNINGTON, 48,
unemployed

The State would have to give the gals
a little something for their mothers

And here's the view of one
under 25.



STEPHEN WARD, 38,
hustler

Can I be Solicitor-General?



CHRISTINE KEELER, 21,
model (P)

Another blow at private enterprise!

THREE ITEMS



We're all members of a big love team and usually, a few of the boys have to make sacrifices for the others. We're having the elderly enlarged to 360 beds.

Well yes - the game is compulsory but all the boys just love it. Area fans the world of good. Takes them about an hour, maybe, 1.5 hours, y'know, easy things like that. Makes ten to 15; gets their minds off sex.

Mit de Bay de when they're in bed? That's for real babies I suppose.

We have failed to give our candidates the best, and laughed they need more with no details. We must win the competition. After all, what else are G P's.



He didn't quite realize the football is back in the news again with a bang. Having like an unfortunate accident in put old ruggers in the limelight.

The real Saturday we had a very moving ceremony - real ruggers played before the big match - rather like Anzac Day, don't you think?

Game good game it turned out to be too late of good hand play, though the crowd the game's being some of the south it used to have. But the real reason we're going to have it up again, we and the other side.

We're doing really well. Both sides did really - live both sides indeed. We're also taking the odds off the game, giving a few hundred of it around round the field, taking the forwards with backwashers to take up the corners and backs and making old men leaders themselves.

We should have a jolly ruggers from next season we had the latest season giving the students an extra real rough as. Around some schoolboys played last year on 1000 of new state a day, dodging him from schoolwork and train are hard like days it with. Yet, only five, the 50 match every Saturday and a day at rest on the Sabbath.



The Campbell Case In Auckland a man was brought to Court for robbing with an all-day policeman. Both participants in the trouble, which began when the policeman had been on the telephone for about ten minutes, had broken noses and black eyes.

A woman who had been visiting in the telephone with the thought the policeman was a hooligan. It was returned to believe she was a policeman.

The magistrate found Campbell guilty and sentenced her to six months of £100 bail.

The Anderson Case In Melbourne a hotel ended abruptly when police caught Mr. Marshall said he did not believe the woman gave real consent before a blood sample was taken from him.

Anderson's accused asked whether it wasn't fairly clear that the Anderson was very badly injured.

Dr. Marshall replied "Yes, in the big sense he had the appearance of being seriously injured. He had a cut on the chin, blood on his face, his eyes on a hospital trolley and in a hospital."



The O'Connell Case In Perth the Supreme Court set aside a girl's sentence imposed on Joseph O'Connell, 18, for robbing. Police had told Mr. A. O. O'Connell, magistrate, that two girls in the house outside which O'Connell was all night following, were waiting for him. This was a misstatement of the facts, the judge, Mr. Justice Healy said.

A detective has misapprehended in O'Connell the meaning of "following" Mr. Justice Healy said. The accused man never been so foolish as to have believed what the detective told him.

The Barry Case At the inquest into the death of an 18-year-old youth found hanging in a cell at Glades Police Station, accused for his relatives told the City Coroner, Mr. Lanning, that he should attend evidence that police beat and killed the youth on the day he died. The Coroner heard Mr. Leslie G. G. is attorney, London, spokesman and assistant. He described the evidence of four people as "that of uncorroborated and full of glaring inconsistencies." I don't think we can believe this. His conclusions were supported by the evidence of a woman, who was at one stage described as "heavily drunk."

The Langan Case A now-sentenced police sergeant pleaded guilty to stealing £1,000 from the C.I.B.

The O'S Case A young man who killed a dog while he was being questioned by police in a flat at Millmount, near Tower Centre.

The Wicks Case In Victoria, the police sergeant, Dr. Bennett, admitted to taking a man to the local police station for a breath test when he was not, even though the man said he had married because both his legs were lacerated and he was in much pain.

The O'Connell Case A 19-year-old girl was found in police cells in three days on a temporary charge. The charges were then dropped.

The O'Connell Case In London a 19-year-old girl was held in police cells in three days on a temporary charge. The charges were then dropped.

Ozword No. 4

by Grant Mikal

ACROSS

- 1 He went to Sydney to make the latest Weekly, the poor man's *Globe* (Down).
- 7 Beethoven's *Beethoven's* Beethoven.
- 9a. "Over many a frozen, many a day . . . Rocks, even lakes, fens, bogs, dunes and shades of death" (Mikal).
- 10 "The beautiful woman can destroy surely as the . . ." (Japanese proverb).
- 12 A dragon for St. George on April 4, 1963 (is day of accidents and when in Australia).
- 14 "And so, from hour to hour we rise and rise. And then from hour to hour we . . . and . . . And thereby hangs a tale" (Quoted in *An You Like It*).
- 15 Who suggested that the lowest decadal unit be called a wing, because of its petty value?
- 16 "She did not give a single . . ." (Maryline Fanning).
- 19 Kellytown, it was topped only by the P.M.'s TV broadcast in England. Harry Carver commented, "We couldn't hope to have beaten Mr. Macmillan . . . now there's a real connection".
- 22 Feeling depressed? Don't widdle . . . you'll always recall it. Ring 31-0971.

DOWN

- 2 How many loved ones (not counting close friends) did Nero murder?
- 3 "A his without a monsterlike b like an eye without wit" (I'll believe it an old Spanish proverb).
- 4 Comic strip prescribed by student doctors and nurses at Madly District Hospital, read by infinite terrified and non-wood-stare (Rose is a Rose in a Rose).
- 5 What Manhattan was compared to.
- 6 An approach with a Canadian accent, "Tall of design, built and bearded like the bear".
- 8 Comic strip read by pipe-smoking sailors, pipe-chub teenagers, toilet attendants, cops and two-up players.
9. An uncontrollable desire to steal something from David Watson's ground floor (Put that shabby RACK, Mr. First-Wildoughby-learned).
- 11 Comic strip read by oligarchs, boys, rock-farles, Rose, Secret pseudo-mischievous and people in Kellyville.
- 14 Comic strip read by Darby Moore, Upsilon Joe Stein, mad-dramas, Sweden and Harroldians everywhere.
- 16 "I didn't know that no mother-in-law was going to



The Social Top Twenty



my busy hats for a charity fashion parade (Telegraph 27/6/63) or being only in the crowd at numerous parties. She also pushed her public image, but at least she's entertaining and her finger makes it hard to let her pretend to be shy.

WELL, our Mavis is back on the charts again, even if it's only in a small way. She was lucky enough to be spotted by two social commentators at a morning conference in the Art Gallery (SM 2/6/63 and SH 9/6/63). Mavis has done a little posing on her own behalf, too, with one of those dreadful little dinner parties, 'hosted' at her town house. But Pamela assured us it was 'For ex-catolence' and that 'cultural conversation' was enjoyed (ST 2/6/63). This morning's learning certainly goes a boost to Mavis's rating.

IT'S good to see that hardened heart Mrs. **Heane Klippel**, came back into the headlines after being out to grass for a month. Looking really in the pink on this one, a Tass six weeks denied the potted modernism from Richard's South Sea ad at the First Paper Ball (SM 15/6/63). But from the papers, one on the side line, I'd say our ID was being more than much-needed.

MRS. Mary-Angela Bordwick was photographed beside a shop at the Sheep Show Ball (PH 26/6/63). The caption underneath informed me she had been escorted by a **Mr. Stephen Ferguson**. Is Mr. Ferguson a sheep, or did Mary-Angela dump him during the evening for this spinous specimen of rambood? The wandering whether she intends to lead the latest acquisition to the altar or to the slaughter.

THE question of clothes brings me to the bright spot in this month's Top Twenty—**Virginia Osborne**. I hear from Nola Dekyvere (ST 2/6/63) that this long-time social actress has turned pro.

And she's dressing accordingly. No wonder she caught all eyes at Terry Chase's parties (ST 16/6/63), when she turned up in a small red suit, knee-high black boots and black mesh stockings. But I don't think it could have been the colour scheme that was so striking. To see so much flesh exposed in mesh, her shirt must have been almost a signpost of the magazine table.

IT is with great pride, and a few tears, too, that we read of our Elizabeth's sudden jump to fame as radio columnist on 2UE. Praise, because it was OZ who discovered her, a long little line on her many charity commitments, and brought her before the public eye on the Social Top Twenty. We saw that Elizabeth, however, spiritily Elizabeth—was destined for far greater things and eagerly we reported her debut star. Yet Elizabeth has remained humble in her hour of glory, and she helped herself as the worst-dressed woman in Sydney. We can only attribute **Andrew's** acid comment that it was deserved (Gaiety Mags, SM 16/6/63) to better verifications. Yet so that a few more, also. Like Nola, now that Elizabeth has gone commercial she can no longer be considered as a competitor for the top of the charts. But who are we to complain, since our girl has come good at last?

1. Sue Bookchild,
2. Anne van Boekhorst,
3. Gertrude Mosham,
4. Mr. Melvyn Horton,
5. Mrs. Miss Sturrock,
6. Miss Virginia Osborne,
7. Miss Heane Klippel,
8. Miss Justine McAnulty,
9. Miss Mary-Angela Bordwick
10. Mr. Terry Fenton,
11. Mr. Lesley Walker
12. Mr. Derek Kemp
13. Mr and Mrs. Koster (or Kaiton?)
14. The Pickles'
15. The Pickles'
16. Mr. Arthur (Penny) Charles,
17. Dr. and Mrs. Collier Morgan
18. Mrs. Kang Goldbraith
19. Mrs. Nola Dekyvere
20. Mrs. Elsie Jacoby.

YOU'VE got to admit it—**Sue Bookchild** has gone. Despite the fact that she has been listed as one of Sydney's worst dressed women, Sue will not keep away from the photographer. Her appearance at president of the Oliver Twist Committee was particularly apt. Like the committee's chairman her motto seems to be, 'Please sir, I want some more!'

VERSATILITY is what keeps **Anne van Boekhorst** high up on the charts. Just as one gets tired of reading about her engagement, she appears grandly model-

JAZZ

Wednesday, July 10, at 8.30

"Rise in the Boardrooms"

Featuring Graham Bell and his All Stars, Jack Allen, Russ Brandon, Barrie Henderson, Margaret Day and Florence Graham.

Price 7/6; espresso and jazz

Enquiries: R. Brown, UNSW Union Office (Civil Engineering Society)

All Welcome



Film Making Today



The recent Tenth Sydney Film Festival attracted a large section of Sydney's cinema-going public from their television sets to demonstrate some of the new trends in movie making.

Film making requires the services of large numbers of artists and technicians, all receiving high salaries. It is therefore far more dependent on economic conditions than the other arts. After the war the neo-realist style of film was favoured in Italy where lack of finance and facilities forced leading directors like Rossellini (*PAYSAWN, ROMA, OPEN CITY*) and DeSica (*BICYCLE THIEVES*) to make their films on location, with non-professional actors. This style declined as the economy crawled back and the transportation took over.

Today, television has removed the audience which went to the movies regularly and quite occasionally, thus creating a profitable scheme for almost every film. People must be shown and dragged away from their TV sets, television may be small, shows may be fewer and films old, but it's right there in the living room and has the illusion of being free. Sometimes out of the ordinary is necessary to make them sit up and take notice.

The "Blackboard" was born. The epic film which, by its very magnitude, keeps us remote. Large doses of sex and violence on Quadraplex cameras with a 16mm track mounted and craned by Milton Rosen capture images in all their glory, paste captions describing the life and times of that lost office person Christ, profound pagantry, youth can become and Freudian inspired moments, world wars co-produced by the Jewish superman, Russian cowboys and Polish princesses and a 12 year old Cleopatra with a romance to her ankles and a Welsh rooster who once had the reputation of being a good actor. With exceptions (parts of *EL CBO*, parts of *RYN-THUK*, parts of *MATING ON THE MOUNTAIN*) it doesn't add up to good or even very exciting films. Too much cake quickly makes you sick, and these films are nearly all icky.

Looking, blackboarders are not the only films being made because TV addicts are not the only audience. The small but consistent home-sexy slowly growing group of people known as the "TV fugitives" will go to cinema to see films other than the epic. This audience is essentially a minority one but on a world scale adds up to a profit for a producer making films on a fairly low budget (about £75,000 in England). These films kicked off in France where the movie rules that keep production costs as high as not as stringent.

Unknown directors crept around (Truffaut made his first film from his wife's material) and produced films with unknown and unknown actors and hand held cameras in actual locations.

All the dialogue and sound effects were "dubbed" later. The result? The world was

hit with an entirely new movement in film making, realistic, naturalistic, often ambiguous films, characterised by a perception and exploration of human relationships rarely before equalled on the screen. *ANTHONY'S LAVENTURE* and *LA NOTTE*, Truffaut's *KINDLY SMILE THE PIANO PLAYER*, *JULES AND JIM* and *THE 400 BLOWS*, Jean-Luc Godard's *BREATHLESS* (all filmed in America), Jean Pierre Melville's *LEON, MORIN PRIEST* and Jacques Rivette's movie *PARIS IS BURNING*.

A number of English film producers were influenced by the French and Italian schools and the result was a resurgence of films of quality from the decadent aimed for the first time since the end of the war.

Most of these films were also by new directors who had wonderful sources from which to draw their material in the new "European" school of novelists and playwrights. John Osborne, Shelagh Delaney, Harold Pinter, John Brune, David Storey, Alan Sillitoe. The films, widely criticised for being "artificial and romantic under the realistic surface", are direct, thoughtful and usually endowed with a sense of film technique quite alien to British films — *RANDI ROSE'S SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING*, Tony Richardson's *A TASTE OF HONEY* and *LOOK BACK IN ANGER*, Andrew Schunberger's *A KIND OF LOVING*, Lindsay Anderson's *THIS SPOT OF LIFE*.

These films have all shown a profit on their (estimated) total cost but it will be interesting to see what happens when the vote casts on English films lack the diversity of topics of the French and Italian and already the "ambitious boy from the Midlands" theme is getting a bit worn. In addition to this, restraining English theatre directors such as Copestake and Joan Littlewood who have been largely responsible for the new films are having more and more difficulty in working with the obstructive union system and the backwardness of the majority of British film technicians.

In the United States the Blackboard are less threatened out of the studio of the film makers without substantially adding to the number of low budget "art" films. Those who can find work on the commercial business side can the extensive television and early and only the directors who have been making low budget films for years are still doing so. One of the low budget cheap American films by a new director (Frank Perry) is *DAVID AND LISA*, the big hit of the film festival this year (still not likely to receive a wide release). It is a startlingly sympathetic yet unromantic story of the relationship between a boy and girl in a psychiatric hospital.

A few other low budget American films have been excellent yet because they lack the snobbish appeal of similar European films they obtain a poor office (undivided) city showing — ANGEL BABY, THE HOODELLUM PRINCE, STAREOUT ON DOWNS STREET and the remarkable SHADOWS.

A more noteworthy aspect of the trend to produce low budget films is the wish to see films, those delights of the Victory Theatre. Formerly regarded as the prerogative of a few French directors the war films are now being made by anyone who can get hold of a camera and a few girls who are willing to take off all or some, or most of their clothes. Notoriously advertised ("Unashamed love rates") the same truth about the girls is that they take it from profits from an indecent audience. Ironically, none of them are very pleasing to look the sex angle the real ended features are limited to Australia.

Apart from the low budget films and the hoodlums there is a smaller price predominant in low budget countries (by their undivided film) Most of the creative artists working on these films are graduates of State Film Schools. The result of this training has been a high technical standard of film making along with a detachment and impersonality not unlike the "made in the USSR" look of so many Hollywood films of the late 30's and early 40's. This is particularly apparent if the pioneer and post-war Russian films are compared.

The post-war films are dominated with the intense personal vision of directors like Eisenstein, Konstantin Yezhov, Mikhael Kozlov and Pudovkin and the post-war Russian cinema by the masterful technique and work plots of THE CRANES ARE FLYING and A MAN'S FORTH. The music and sentimental BALLAD OF A SOLDIER, and a number of filmed ballets Poland and Czechoslovakia seem to produce more interesting films than Russia.

The films A GENERATION, ASHES AND DIAMONDS and CANAL by the Pole Andrzej Wajda is a powerful, if not symbolic, analysis of the war time "last generation" The Czech colour feature BARON MUNCHHAUSEN, a combination of puppet and live actors, is a constantly innovative film of considerable humour and one of the most remarkable films technically ever produced.

Fantasy films have been notoriously unsuccessful on the screen, and the same comment will Alexander Korda's THIEF OF BAGDAD (1940) is the last ever made. Another outstanding Czech film which was widely screened at the Kings Cross Metro recently ROMEO, JULIET AND DARKNESS (Directed by Leo Wain) an intensely moving story of a Czech boy who takes a Jewish girl to a wonderfully beautiful Dan Smetana from the Gipsies in the time of a block of Jews. A few years ago a number of excellent Hungarian films MERRY GO ROUND, PROFESSOR BANIBALI were shown at the Sydney Film Festival but there have been none screened in Sydney since for three or four years.

There is always a small cove of directors who make their own type of film regardless of where the audience has gone or who's winning which war. These include Robert Rossen (in my opinion the greatest film director of all time—A PRISONER HAS ESCAPED, DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST and the recent TRIAL OF MAN OF ARC), Akira Kurosawa (SAMURAI, YAMINO, Robert. Rossen (THEY CAME TO CORBURA, THE HUSTLER) and one or two others.

— Bruce Beresford

Introducing . . .

Arrabal

An exciting new playwright of the Paris school, whose work has been hailed as a unique experience, compassionate and horrifying, a playwright combining the talents of a Beckett and a Marquis de Sade. One of the most original playwrights of our time, Australian premiere

FANDO & LIS

UNION THEATRE

JULY 24-27 and 31st, AUGUST 1-3

Produced by Allie, presented by SUDS.

The follow-up to the successful "Revue of the Absurd" which broke Union Theatre records.

③ You've read
the book...

..... ③ You've seen
the play....

..... ③ You've
seen the film..



Swing Along to . . .

SUZIE WONG

in the Boulevarde Arcade
(112 King Street)

Wednesday Night

POP MUSIC WITH ROLAND STORM

Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday

JAZZ WITH MAT OLIVER'S JAZZ BAND

Fine Food

Licensed Premises

Relaxing Oriental Atmosphere

Also open 10.30 - 7.30 daily

Suzie Wong Restaurant